

The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office 916 E. Main St.
 Washington Bureau 226-7 Munsey Building,
 Manchester Bureau 1102 Hull Street,
 Petersburg Bureau 40 N. Richmond St.,
 Lynchburg Bureau 215 Eighth St.

BY MAIL. One Six Three One
 POSTAGE PAID. Year. Mo. Mo. Mo.
 Daily with Sunday \$4.00 12.00 \$1.50 .55
 Daily without Sunday 4.00 1.00 .25
 Sunday edition only 2.00 1.00 .25
 Weekly (Wednesday) 1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs), Manchester, and Petersburg—One Week. One Year.
 Daily with Sunday 14 cents \$6.50
 Daily without Sunday 10 cents 4.50
 Sunday only 5 cents 2.50
 (Yearly subscriptions payable in advance.)

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.

Persons wishing to communicate with The Times-Dispatch by telephone will ask central for "4041," and on being answered from the office switchboard, will indicate the department or person with whom they wish to speak.

When calling between 4 A. M. and 9 A. M. call to central office direct for 4041. Composing-room; 4042, business office; 4043, for mailing and press-rooms.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1907.

Going Out of Town?

Subscribers who leave the city temporarily should have The Times-Dispatch mailed them. Addresses will be changed as often as requested.

You can keep fully informed about Richmond affairs only through The Times-Dispatch.

Before leaving mail or phone your subscription to this office. Phone 4041, City Circulation Department.

There remains that which is peculiar to the good man, to be pleased and content with what happens and with the thread that is spun for him, and not to deify the divinity that is planted in his breast, nor disturb it by a crowd of images.—Marcus Aurelius.

ATTENTION, CORPORATION COMMISSION.

As soon as the Southern Bell Telephone Company announced that it would double its rates on night messages, the Corporation Commissions in several of the Southern States called the company down at once. The local manager was notified that rates could not be raised in such an arbitrary manner, but that they must file notice with the commission and show cause.

But, although the company's announcement was conspicuously made in the newspapers and generally discussed on the streets of Richmond, the Virginia Corporation Commission took no notice of the raise until the attention of the clerk was called to it by The Times-Dispatch.

The Richmond Transfer Company now makes announcement that it will advance its rates for moving trunks, and we lose no time putting the Corporation Commission on notice.

Is not a transfer company a transportation company? And does not the Richmond Transfer Company enjoy a monopoly in "working" the trains? If so, let the Corporation Commission notify the company's head office that there must be no advance in rates until he has filed notice with the commission and shown to its satisfaction that the advance is reasonable.

We assure the members of the Corporation Commission that the sharp advance in the transfer rates is of more concern to the masses of Richmond than the proposed advance in telephone rates.

THE DULL PUPIL.

"One of the perennial subjects of discussion before teachers' associations," remarks the Pittsburg Post, "is that of the dull child. There are pupils in every schoolroom who fail to keep up with the lockstep progress of the ordinary graded school. These children simply fail to respond to routine instruction. The teacher generally lacks both the time and the skill to find out what is the matter. The usual rate of year after year, or is promoted by size rather than mental attainments, until, to the relief of the child and school alike, the slow one drops out altogether."

The late Captain Vawter, of the Miller Manual School, at Crozet, was perhaps the best friend the dull pupil ever had in Virginia. He had many such pupils in his school, and he gave them more attention than he paid to the bright pupils. He made a study of them, and a special study of each individual. He finally discovered that the only way to arouse the dull pupil as to arouse his interest. He questioned him; he experimented with him, until he found something in the school shop which the dullard liked. It may have been a book; it may have been a machine. But whatever it was, he employed it until he interested the pupil. That done, by degrees he directed his attention to her subjects, and so turned all his mental forces into activity. In the last lecture we heard from him on educational topics he outlined his plan, and stated, as we recollect, that he never made a failure.

Captain Vawter also expressed the opinion that many a dull boy had been "meddled" out of school with a "dunce" on his head, negatively speaking, and with the conviction on his part that he was an ass, when he might have been saved by proper treatment from his teacher.

WHAT IS A REBEL?

Nowhere will be found a cleverer answer from the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, than on a paragraph in The Times-Dispatch on the use of the word "rebel." Of course, there is nothing offensive

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 1288.

Future and Past

BY MRS. B. ROWNING.

"My future will not copy fair my past,"
 I wrote that once; and, thinking at my side
 My ministering life-angel justified
 The word by his appealing look upstart
 To the white throne of God, I turned at last.
 And saw instead thereof, thee, not unaltered
 To angel in thy soul! Then I, long tried
 By natural hills, received the comfort fast.
 While building at thy sight, my pilgrim's staff
 Gave green leaves with morning dews impregnated.
 I seek no copy now of that first hour
 Leave here the pages with long musing curled.
 And write me new my future's epiphany,
 New angel mine, unhoping for in the world!

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Oct. 11, 1903. One is published each day.

Borrowed Jingles.

LONG AGO.
 I once knew all the birds that came
 And nestled in our orchard trees;
 For every flower I had a name—
 My first were woodchucks, toads and bees;
 I knew what thrived in yonder glen;
 What plants would soothe a stone-bruise;
 Oh, I was very learned then—
 But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
 Where the checkerberries could be found;
 I knew the rushes near the mill
 Where the pickers lay that weighed a pound;
 I knew the door—the very tree
 Where the peaches, juicy and true,
 And all the woods and groves knew me,
 And that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
 I read the old familiar story;
 Only to learn this solemn truth:
 I have forgotten, and am forgot.
 Yet there's the youngster at my knee
 Knows all the things I used to know.
 To think I once was wise as he—
 But that was very long ago.

I know 'tis folly to complain
 Of whatso'er the fates decree;
 Yet, what I witness all in vain
 I tell you what my wish would be:
 I'd wish to be a boy again.
 Back to the friends I used to know;
 For I was, oh! so happy then—
 But that was very long ago.

MERELY JOKING.

Could Not Hear It.
 A man who was charged at the Willensden Police Court with intoxication and using bad language pleaded guilty to the first part of the charge, adding: "As to the language, I know nothing about that because I'm deaf."—London Express.

A Dilemma.
 "Bikins tells me he is getting awfully tired of the life along here," said a friend. "I would think he'd merry and settle down."
 "I was talking with him about it the other day, and he says he doesn't know whether to get married or buy a phonograph."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Fake Report.
 Watch: "Eight bells, and all's well."
 Mrs. Pohunk (feebly): "I guess, Josiah, he hasn't looked at the clock for a while, lately, or he'd know better."—Brooklyn Times.

Favorite Paper.
 Employer: "Which newspaper do you read, Miss Barker?"
 Stenographer: "Whichever one the man next to me in the train has bought."—Smart Set.

Even Disposition.
 "Has he an even disposition?"
 "Yes; ugly all the time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Famous.
 Madge: "Is that writer really famous?"
 Marjorie: "He must be, my dear. I wrote to him for his autograph, and he never sent it."—Puck.

Close to Nature.
 Church: "Did you ever try any of these 'Guthams'?"
 Gotham: "Well, I've used a porous plaster."—Yonkers Statesman.

Preferred Creditor.
 Short: "There goes one of my preferred creditors."
 Long: "Why preferred?"
 Short: "He never asked me for money."—Chicago Daily News.

Waitab.
 "Ever surrounded by waiters?"
 "No; but I know the sensation. I used to open the dining-room doors at a summer hotel."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Confidence.
 Jackson: "Heaven bless him! He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening."
 Wilson: "In what way?"
 Jackson: "He lent me an umbrella."—Answers.

POINTS FROM THE PARAGRAPHS.

WHEN it comes to putting aside one's wife and child, the artistic temperament seems to have been corrupted into artistic temperament.—Baltimore Sun.

When a fight is declared to be on in Wall Street there is no room for question about the vitality of the market.—Chicago Daily News.

"Drinks lots of water," advises the Culbert (Dr. E. Culbert). "Slowly but surely it is beginning to dawn upon Georgians that they may as well make a virtue of necessity, and be done with it."—Washington Herald.

Suppose that it had been Louis XIV., and not Duke, who had drained a river and stopped a factory in order to provide rivulets and waterfalls for the entertainment of the royal court. The event would figure upon the pages of history, as long as history endures.—Chicago Post.

It is interesting to note particularly that this suit to dissolve the Standard Oil trust in brought under the anti-trust act of 1890, and that it is the outcome of present-day radical legislation. It is simply an effort to vitiate the comparatively ancient act.—Boston Herald.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

An old morgue in Covington, Ky., has been converted into a dance hall. It will be used exclusively by society folk.

Prince Wilhelm is not the great-grandson of Bernadotte, the famous leader of French armies, but a great-grand-grandson.

Mrs. Minnie Haldeman, of Reading, Pa., stood near the gas jet, and the side combs in her hair exploded, burning her neck so that she was taken to a hospital.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who has been anxious to try the sport of picking holes near the White House, has been prevented by the rain, but is still waiting to begin.

A negro woman, weighing 180 pounds, cleaning a skylight in Rochester, Pa., fell through the shaft and landed in an ambulance hall below, where a biograph show was in progress. She was not hurt.

Dr. John Watson, at the time of his sudden death while on a lecture tour in the West, left the manuscript of his six lectures in Vanderbilt University so well prepared that they are to be issued this fall.

New Zealand has set aside 9,000,000 acres of land for endowment for the purposes of education and old age pensions. Custom duties have been reduced on necessities of life, and increased in other lines to provide for the same.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

BEFORE her departure for Sweet Briar Institute, Miss Martha Bell, of Staunton, Va., gave a farewell card party on Thursday evening to her friends, Miss Lucile Massey, of this city, who is spending the season at Jefferson Park Hotel, and Miss Elia Albert, of Baltimore, Md.

Drive whist was played, Miss Gertrude Carter and Mr. Martin Gilkinson capturing first honors; Miss Mary Helme, Harman of New York, being consoled, and Miss Bessie Landes and Mr. Malcolm Holladay receiving the boobies.

About fifty young Misses were present, and the Misses Bell, Scott and Mr. Childers Scott, also of Richmond.

Beautiful Dinner.
 Table decorations were in white and green at the beautifully appointed dinner given Friday night by Hon. Harry St. George Tucker and Mrs. Tucker at their home, on Freemason Street, Norfolk, in honor of Governor Charles Floyd, of New Hampshire, and Mrs. Floyd. Others present were Colonel and Mrs. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. William Topping, of New Hampshire; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. George Schmeide, of Hampton; Mr. and Mrs. Patton, of Newport News; Dr. and Mrs. Stubbs, of Louisiana; Mr. and Mrs. Goddard, of Vermont, and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wilson, of Norfolk.

House Party.
 Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Luck, assisted by their daughter, Miss Blanche Luck, have been entertaining a house party at their home, Elmhurst, Hanover county, for several weeks. Among the members of the party were Misses Mary Virginia Belote, of Norfolk; Julia Elizabeth Holby, of Lawton, Va.; Rose Arlington Brock, of Ashland, Va.; Lily May Perrin, of French Hay, Va.; Elsie Bazile, of Big Rock, Va.; Messrs. L. C. Cropper, of Norfolk; C. K. Pendleton, Jr., of R. F. Nixon, of A. Harrison, of Ashland, and William Patterson, of Rocky Ford, Va.

Stay-at-Home Club.
 The Stay-at-Home Whist Club will meet this evening with Mrs. C. W. P. Brock, at No. 206 East Franklin Street.

Guest of Honor.
 Miss Peachy Lynne, of Richmond, who is the guest of honor at a house party given by Mrs. Page Smith, of New York, at her summer home in Brattleboro, Vt., has been the recipient of many courtesies, including automobile trips, card parties and dances.

Personal Mention.
 Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman Allan have been spending the last two weeks at the Matheson Hotel, Narragansett Pier. From there they will go to New York city.

Miss Caroline Boykin and Miss Marie Harwood have been spending the week at the home of Mrs. G. L. Laird, Dry Bridge, Va.

Miss Mattie B. Gardner, Miss Bessie G. Pringle and Miss Marie V. Neilsen are spending some time at Ocean View and Jamestown Exposition.

Mr. C. I. Glenn, of Newport News, is visiting his family on South Pine Street.

Mrs. W. E. Kitchen, of Varietyville, New York county, who has been spending the summer in Roanoke, Danville and Lynchburg, is now visiting Richmond. She will soon leave for the Jamestown Exposition, accompanied by Mr. W. E. Kitchen, of Walker, Va.; Mr. Edward May, of Roanoke, Va.; and Mrs. W. Robertson, of Richmond.

Mrs. E. C. Graves, Miss Maggie Downs and Miss Copeland Rowlett have returned after a week's visit to the exposition.

Miss Maggie Jones has returned from the neighborhood of White Sulphur Springs, where she attended a hospital given in her honor by Miss Mary Lee East.

Mrs. and Mrs. Aubrey Livesay, of Chester, are spending some time with Mrs. J. W. Jones, of Pine Street.

Mrs. Corinne Roberts, of Norwood, Nelson county, is the guest of relatives in Richmond.

Misses Mamie and Ethel Dunnivant have returned from a visit to Jamestown Exposition.

Mrs. Lucard and Mr. John Lucard and Annie Lucard are spending some time at their summer home in Caroline county.

Miss Roberta I. Pollock has returned home after a month's sojourn in the mountains of Virginia.

Miss Bessie Lamkin, who has been a guest at Grand Hotel, Atlantic City, has joined a yachting party, and will be in Baltimore, Md., for a cruise along the shores. Miss Lamkin is expected home this week.

Miss Pearl Palmer and little niece, Miss Helen Palmer Burnett, are at home after a very pleasant visit to Spotsylvania county.

Mrs. Mattie Kidd and sons have returned home after a pleasant visit to their parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Delrick, at Ellerslie, their beautiful home on James River.

Mr. William T. Hoppe and mother and sister, Doris, sail to-morrow for an extended trip North that will include visits to New York, Niagara Falls and Montreal, Canada, returning by way of Baltimore and West Point.

Miss Loin Nicholas, who has been the guest of her cousin, Miss Florence Jones, in Suffolk, Va., has returned home.

Mrs. John Feldner and daughter, Miss Frances, will spend ten days at the Jamestown Exposition.

Mrs. W. E. De Morris have returned from their bridal trip to the Jamestown Exposition, Norfolk, and vicinity, and are with their parents, at No. 2729 East Broad Street.

Miss Lucile Massey, who has been the guest of Miss Martha Bell, in Staunton, is now spending some time at the Jefferson Park Hotel, near Charlottesville.

Miss Fannie Van Vort has returned to the city from a trip to the mountains and to the exposition.

Miss Jessie McMinn is visiting friends in Baltimore, and will return to Richmond on Saturday, September 15th.

Mr. Arthur Mackroth is spending his vacation at the home of his parents, at Ivy, Va.

Mrs. John B. Purcell was the guest during the early part of the week of Mrs. Edward L. Graham, in Lexington, Va. Mrs. Purcell was joined there by Colonel John B. Purcell, and they are now spending some time at the Rockbridge Baths.

Mrs. Polk Miller has returned from Staunton, where she went to place her daughter, Miss Virginia Lee Miller, at the Mary Baldwin Seminary. Both Mrs. Miller and Virginia call have returned after a delightful trip to Ocean View. They have as their guest their cousin, Miss Maud Callis, of Baltimore.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. R. Robinson, U. S. M. C., Mrs. E. Machin, of Orange, and Miss Elizabeth and Marie East, of South Boston, have been the guests during the past week at "Summerden," the beautiful home of Mr. William Crawford.

The Powers and Maxine

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson
Copyright 1907 by the Authors

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lisa Drummond, an unlovely American, practically declares her love to Lisa Drummond, only to learn that he is in love with her half-sister, Diana Forrest. Without being seen Lisa overhears a conversation in which the Foreign Secretary offers Dundas a mission to Paris to carry an important package to Mademoiselle Maxine de Renzie, noted French actress, who is a British political spy. As Dundas once had a flirtation with Maxine it was supposed that the true object of his visit would not be guessed. After receiving the package for Maxine and learning that her fiancé was the Vicomte du Lauzon, Dundas, the Foreign Secretary's aide, Lisa escapes unseen, but manages before going to sleep to extract from Diana the admission that Dundas had proposed that night.

Acting under the advice of Lisa, Dundas goes to the depot and meets Dundas as he is about to take the train. Dundas feels that he cannot explain why he is going to Paris, but admits that he will see Maxine, Diana, cut to the quick, tells him flatly that if he sees Maxine he will not come back. The departure of the train prevents any further conversation, and Dundas forces his way into a reserved apartment with three strangers, for his thoughts were with Maxine. The secret papers were in Dundas' pocket, and he did not feel alarmed until he saw the two sporting men keep glancing at the small man, who was the small man who pulled up at the pier Dundas walked behind. Keep away from the crowd and to watch his fellow travelers. In the hurry to get aboard the small man was driven into the arms of Dundas. But the case seems still safe in his breast pocket.

Maxine, in the midst of her interview, Paris Dundas hands the packet to Maxine. In the midst of her interview Dundas neds all knowledge. The police began a search. Slowly they searched the case, and found in a safe a leather case. It was not the packet which Dundas had brought, but the police were satisfied. Maxine prayed that it was not the case, but she was told from her lover, from Dundas. Despite her prayers the police tore it apart, and found the leather case. Maxine pretended to faint, but she caught her felt her thrill with the joy of life.

Chapter V.—Continued.

The Commissary of Police turned the leather case wrong side out. It was empty, and there was nothing inside but the necklace, not a card, not a scrap of paper.

"Where, then, is the document?"
 "Grestaffin, he put the question half to himself, half to Maxine de Renzie."

"What document?" she asked, too wise to betray relief in voice or face. Hearing the heavy tone, seeing the shameless, she hanging head that lay against his shoulder, she knew—knowing little less than I did of the truth—would have dreamed that in her soul she thanked God for a miracle? Even I would not have been sure, had I not been so sure, feeling back into her half-dream.

"The contents of the case are not what I came here to find," admitted the Enemy.

"I do not know what you came to find, but you have made me suffer horribly," said Maxine. "You have been very cruel to a woman who had done nothing to deserve such humiliation. All pleasure I might have taken in my diamonds is gone now. I shall never have a peaceful moment, never be able to wear them joyfully. I shall have the thought in my mind that people who look at me will be saying, 'Every woman has her price. There is the price of Maxine de Renzie.'"

"You need have no such thought, Mademoiselle," he said.

"We shall never speak to any one except to those who will receive our report of what we have heard and seen in this room."

"Don't you search further?" asked Maxine, "since you seemed to expect something else?"

"You would not have had time to conceal more than one thing, Mademoiselle," said the policeman, with a smile that was faintly grim. "Behind the door, where you did not wish us to find you, are a great actress, but you could not control the dew which sprang out on your forehead, or the beating of your heart when I touched the sofa, or I knew I had been watching you for that. There has been an error, and I can only apologize."

"I don't blame you, but those who sent you," said Maxine, letting me lead her to a chair into which she sank, limply.

"I am sure these diamonds are contraband in some way. I was not sure but it would end in that."

"Not at all, Mademoiselle. I wish you joy of them. It is you who will adorn the jewels, not they you. Again I apologize for myself and my companions. We have but done our duty."

"I have an enemy," who must have contrived this plot against me," exclaimed Maxine, as if on a sudden thought. "It is a man scorned! But he is like a man scorned!"

"What of a man who has been scorned by a woman? He knew I wanted all my strength for to-night—the night of the new play—and he will be hoping that this has broken me. But I will not be broken. If you would atone, Monsieur, for your part in this scene, you will go to the theatre this evening and encourage me by your applause."

All three bowed. The Commissary of Police, lately so relentless, murmured compliments. It was all very French, and after what had passed, gave me the sensation that I was in a dream.

CHAPTER VI.
 Ivor.

They were gone. They had closed the door behind them. I looked at Maxine, but she did not speak. With trembling still, and walking to the door, she opened it suddenly to look out. Nobody was there.

"They may have gone into your bedroom to listen at that door," she whispered.

I took the hint, and going quickly into the room adjoining, turned on the light. Emptiness there; but I left the door open, and the electricity switched on, they might change their minds, or be more subtle than they wished to seem.

Maxine threw herself on the sofa, gathering up the necklace from the cushion where it had fallen, and lifting it in both hands pressed the glittering mass against her lips and cheeks.

"Thank God, thank God—and thank you, Ivor, best of friends!" she said brokenly, in so low a voice that no ear could have caught her words, even

If pressed against the keyhole. Then, letting the diamonds drop into her lap, she flung back her head and laughed and cried together.

"Oh, Ivor! Ivor! she panted, between her sobs and hysterical gusts of laughter. 'The agony of it—the agony—the joy now! You're wonderful! Good, precious Ivor—dear friend—saint!'"

Alas, this laughter too, partly to calm her, and patted gently the hands with which she had nervously clutched my sleeve.

"Heaven knows I don't deserve one of those epithets," I said. "I'll just stick to 'friend'."

"Not deserve them?" she repeated. "Not deserve them, when you've saved me—I don't yet understand how—from a horror worse than death—oh, but a thousand times worse, for I wanted to die. I meant of being spared."

"I don't know anything about this necklace," I answered, stupidly. "I didn't bring it."

"You didn't bring it?"
 "No. At least, that leather thing isn't the case I carried. When the fellow pulled it out from the sofa, I saw it wasn't what I'd had, so I thanked our lucky stars, and would have tried to let you know that all hope wasn't over, if I'd dared to catch your eye, or make a signal."

Maxine was suddenly calm. The tears had dried on her cheeks, and her eyes were fever-bright.

"Ivor, you can't know what you are talking about," she said in a changed voice. "I have known a doctor say what you took out of your breast pocket and handed to me when I first came into the room. At the sound of the knock, I pushed it down as far as I could, between the seat and back of the sofa, and then I got off to a distance before the door opened. You did bring the necklace, knowingly or not; and as it was the cause of all my trouble in the beginning, I needn't tell you of the joy I had in seeing it, apart from the joy of the case I carried."

"I gave you the only thing I brought," I said. "It was in my breast pocket, inside my coat. I took it out, and put it in your hands. There was no other thing. Look again in the shadow of the door, and tell me if the case is something else we can try to account for it later. It all came through the lights not working. If it hadn't been so dark you would have seen that I gave you a dark green leather case, not a case of a different color. From this, though of about the same length—rather less thick, and—"

Frantically she began ransacking the crevice between the seat and back of the sofa, but nothing was there. "I have known a doctor say what you took out of your breast pocket and handed to me when I first came into the room. At the sound of the knock, I pushed it down as far as I could, between the seat and back of the sofa, and then I got off to a distance before the door opened. You did bring the necklace, knowingly or not; and as it was the cause of all my trouble in the beginning, I needn't tell you of the joy I had in seeing it, apart from the joy of the case I carried."

"I gave you the only thing I brought," I said. "It was in my breast pocket, inside my coat. I took it out, and put it in your hands. There was no other thing. Look again in the shadow of the door, and tell me if the case is something else we can try to account for it later. It all came through the lights not working. If it hadn't been so dark you would have seen that I gave you a dark green leather case, not a case of a different color. From this, though of about the same length—rather less thick, and—"

Frantically she began ransacking the crevice between the seat and back of the sofa, but nothing was there. "I have known a doctor say what you took out of your breast pocket and handed to me when I first came into the room. At the sound of the knock, I pushed it down as far as I could, between the seat and back of the sofa, and then I got off to a distance before the door opened. You did bring the necklace, knowingly or not; and as it was the cause of all my trouble in the beginning, I needn't tell you of the joy I had in seeing it, apart from the joy of the case I carried."

"I gave you the only thing I brought," I said. "It was in my breast pocket, inside my coat. I took it out, and put it in your hands. There was no other thing. Look again in the shadow of the door, and tell me if the case is something else we can try to account for it later. It all came through the lights not working. If it hadn't been so dark you would have seen that I gave you a dark green leather case, not a case of a different color. From this, though of about the same length—rather less thick, and—"

Frantically she began ransacking the crevice between the seat and back of the sofa, but nothing was there. "I have known a doctor say what you took out of your breast pocket and handed to me when I first came into the room. At the sound of the knock, I pushed it down as far as I could, between the seat and back of the sofa, and then I got off to a distance before the door opened. You did bring the necklace, knowingly or not; and as it was the cause of all my trouble in the beginning, I needn't tell you of the joy I had in seeing it, apart from the joy of the case I carried."

"I gave you the only thing I brought," I said. "It was in my breast pocket, inside my coat. I took it out, and put it in your hands. There was no other thing. Look again in the shadow of the door, and tell me if the case is something else we can try to account for it later. It all came through the lights not working. If it hadn't been so dark you would have seen that I gave you a dark green leather case, not a case of a different color. From this, though of about the same length—rather less thick, and—"

Frantically she began ransacking the crevice between the seat and back of the sofa, but nothing was there. "I have known a doctor say what you took out of your breast pocket and handed to me when I first came into the room. At the sound of the knock, I pushed it down as far as I could, between the seat and back of the sofa, and then I got off to a distance before the door opened. You did bring the necklace, knowingly or not; and as it was the cause of all my trouble in the beginning, I needn't tell you of the joy I had in seeing it, apart from the joy of the case I carried."

"I gave you the only thing I brought," I said. "It was in my breast pocket, inside my coat. I took it out, and put it in your hands. There was no other thing. Look again in the shadow of the door, and tell me if the case is something else we can try to account for it later. It all came through the lights not working. If it hadn't been so dark you would have seen that I gave you a dark green leather case, not a case of a different color. From this, though of about the same length—rather less thick, and—"

Frantically she began ransacking the crevice between the seat and back of the sofa, but